

# THE WEEKLY REGISTER.

VOLUME I.

POINT PLEASANT, VA., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 6, 1862.

NUMBER 33.

## The Weekly Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY  
**GEORGE W. TIPPETT,**  
Main Street,  
POINT PLEASANT, VA.  
TERMS:—One dollar per annum, strictly in advance.

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**WILL** practice in the Courts of law and Chancery in Mason. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims, and other business entrusted to their care. Address: Andrew Parks, Esq., Kanawha C. H., Va. James W. Hoge, Winfield, Putnam county, Va. B. J. Redmond, Point Pleasant, Va. May 23 ly.

**E. M. FITZGERALD,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.  
Office at Court-House, PT. PLEASANT, VA.

**THOMAS B. KLINE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
POINT PLEASANT, VA.  
Will practice in the counties of Mason, Putnam, Cabell and Wayne.  
Aug. 21, 1862.

**C. P. T. MOORE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Office on Main Street, [Pt. Pleasant, Va.] July 24, 1862.

**WM. H. TOMLINSON,**  
Attorney at Law,  
POINT PLEASANT, VA.  
Will practice in Mason and Putnam and adjacent counties. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims.  
Feb. 27, 1862-ly.

**DR. JAMES H. HOFF,**  
TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Point Pleasant and vicinity. He keeps constantly on hand a large supply of drugs, oils, paints, dyes, varnishes, essences, perfumes, and scents of all kinds and patent medicines and a very superior article of sarsaparilla.  
He also has a large stationery, tobacco, cigars and an excellent article of pure cider vinegar.  
Feb. 27, 1862-ly.

**DR. S. G. SHAW,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
TENDERS his professional services to the people. Calls from the country promptly attended to. Office on Front Street, adjoining the "Virginia House."  
Feb. 27, 1862-ly.

**DR. C. R. STERNEMAN,**  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
Office on Second Street, above Public Square, CINCINNATI, OHIO.  
Where all operations pertaining to Dentistry are performed in the best style of the profession. Terms Cash.  
Feb. 6, 1862-ly.

**UNION HOUSE,**  
Main Street, POINT PLEASANT, VA.  
**HUTCH. McDANIEL,** Proprietor.  
THIS Hotel is in the business portion of the town, convenient to the steamboat landing and the hotel proprietor pledges himself to spare no pains to give no dissatisfaction to all who may be pleased to call upon him.  
March 20-ly.

**VIRGINIA HOUSE,**  
Front Street, Point Pleasant, Va.  
**J. P. R. B. SMITH,** Proprietor.  
Takes pleasure in informing his friends and the travelling public that this popular hotel has just opened for the reception of visitors.  
Aug. 14-ly.

**S. HAYWARD & SON,**  
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN  
FURNITURE, CHAIRS, BEDSTEADS,  
Cupboards, Gilt Mountings, &c.  
Ware-rooms Fronting Public Square,  
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.  
Furniture and Wood Coffer constantly on hand. A Hearses always in readiness for funeral.  
May 13 ly.

**E. TILLNER,**  
WOULD respectfully announce to the public that he has just opened a saloon in this place and is now prepared to accommodate the public with all the desirable refreshments, such as Spiced, Cured and Pickled Oysters, Ham and Eggs, Sardines &c., on call. The best articles of Oranges, Lemons Raisins, Figs, Nuts, Candies, Tobacco and Cigars, constantly on hand.  
Ale, Lager Beer, Lemonade, &c., always on hand. Ice-cream occasionally,  
July 17 1862.

**Merchants and Mechanics Bank of Wheeling.**  
POINT PLEASANT BRANCH,  
CAPITAL \$180,000.  
**C. MILLER,** President,  
**J. D. THOMPSON,** Cashier.  
DIRECTORS:  
D. McCulloch, S. G. Shaw,  
A. McCansland, James Capelhart,  
C. Miller, John McCulloch,  
P. S. Lewis.  
Discount day Tuesday,  
February 27, 1863-ly.

### POETICAL.

[For the Weekly Register.]  
ALONE.

BY ROWENA A. BLANKENSHIP.

I stand where all is pleasure,  
Where all seems joy and light,  
Yet o'er my youthful spirits  
Is cast a withering blight.  
A voice comes from my inmost heart,  
A stifled sorrowing moan,  
It testifies in burning words—  
My poor heart is alone—ALL ALONE.

The young and gay pass by me  
In pleasure, a joyous train,  
They think me ever happy too  
Because I never complain;  
Their merriest laugh when borne to me,  
Sounds like a sufferer's groan;  
When with the gay I see more plain  
That I am all alone—ALL ALONE.

The zephyrs used to sing to me,  
Gay songs as they flitted by,  
Now changed their tones to saddened strain  
Like a weary pilgrim's sigh;  
And as I list to their murmurs,  
I think of joys long flown,  
And a well known voice sounds in my ear,  
The cold words—alone—ALL ALONE.

I think of friends I used to love,  
They are now far away,  
And happy hours that we have spent  
In childhood's blooming day.  
The weight of grief crushes hope's bright flowers,  
Their leaves are widely strewn,  
And in its place the cold words stand,  
Thou'rt wretched and alone—ALL ALONE.

At morning I wander forsaken,  
And gaze on the green boughs above,  
Where the innocent songsters of nature  
Are warbling their chiming of love.  
They seem to gaze on me kindly,  
And sing in a more plaintive tone—  
Poor sorrowful heart thou art sadly  
Forsaken, unloved and alone—ALL ALONE.

At noon and at evening the vision  
Of those that are far away,  
Come lovingly stealing above me,  
To chase dull sorrow away.  
I seem to feel their warm kisses,  
Their arms are around me thrown,  
And then they flit from my vision,  
And again I am alone—ALL ALONE.

I strive to hide my breaking heart,  
And jest and gaily smile,  
Yet a shade of sorrow is overcast  
Over my spirits the while;  
And while I calmly play my part  
And speak in blindest tone,  
My own voice sounds like funeral notes  
That tell me I am alone—ALL ALONE.

Is this to be my lot through life?  
If so wild heart be still,  
Live but to meet the world unmoved,  
And bear thy master's will.  
Contented I will struggle on  
Unloved and unknown,  
And when life's thread is broken,  
Rest in my quiet grave alone—ALL ALONE.

### Blood Bath.

According to a dark tradition which is incidentally mentioned by Pliny, the ancient Kings of Egypt used to bathe in human blood when they were seized with leprosy. A similar story is told of the Emperor Constantine; but he seems to have been restrained from employing this revolting remedy in consequence of a vision; and he is said to have been cured by baptism. No great weight can be attached to these ill-authenticated stories; yet it is too true, that both in ancient times and in the middle ages, decided healing virtues for the cure of leprosy were supposed to exist in the blood of innocent children and virgins, and that occasion was given thereby for numberless cruelties. It is needless to refer here to the remote traces of the belief in the expiatory or healing properties of pure blood; they ramify far, and pass into the most ancient times. Cures of leprosy people by the blood of animals, in employing which certain symbolical customs were observed, are mentioned in the books of Moses; and it might not be difficult to discover similar forms among all the nations in the world. During the middle ages, the delusion about the healing powers of human blood, which must have had horrible effects in the great plague of leprosy, received a check from the impression, that only the blood of those children and virgins would prove efficacious, who offered themselves freely and voluntarily for a beloved sufferer.

This idea is particularly expressed in the touching story of "Poor Henry," which forms the subject of one of the most beautiful poems of the thirteenth century. A Saxon Knight who sits in the lap of happiness, is seized with the leprosy. In order to escape civil death, he seeks through the world for help. The physicians of Montpellier can give him no assistance. He hastens to Salerno. Hence one of the Masters makes him acquainted with the apparently hopeless means of cure. Sad at heart, he returns home, and prepares himself to sorrow out the remainder of his days in solitude. A girl of twelve years of age, the daughter of a countryman, conceives a passion for the unfortunate Knight, attends him affectionately, and, upon accidentally hearing of the free-will suffering, cannot be dissuaded from her resolution to purchase the recovery of her master with her life. Both set out for Salerno, but the catastrophe is not fatal;

Henry gets rid of the leprosy, and rewards his generous benefactress with marriage. The story of Amicus and Amelius is another of the same sort, which affords no less grounds for concluding that the superstition of which we speak was scarcely disbelieved in any quarter.

In connection with this, we should not omit to place the story which is told of Louis XI., that he had a mind to evade his approaching death by the use of the blood of children. Klinger has employed the incident to exhibit the horrors of his tremendous version of Faust; and Sprengel, too, has given it credit, and has even spoken of the actual baths having been used. But it is by no means a well-authenticated circumstance, for we cannot discover a trace of it in any truly trust-worthy source. The physician, however, to whom the bloody ordinance is charged, is an historical personage; he is no other than the notorious Jacques Contier—*Medicinsche Zeitung, of Berlin.*

### George D. Prentice in Memory of his Rebel Son.

William Courtland Prentice died on Monday last at Augusta, Ky., of wounds received in the conflict at that place on the preceding Saturday. He perished in the cause of the rebellion.

It is not in the columns of a newspaper, it is only in the family circle or in the hush of solitude, that the emotions of a parent over such an event should have utterance. The tears of weeping eyes and fast trickling drops of bleeding hearts are not for the public gaze. The deepest agonies should be content to fold their somber wings in the soul. Consolation could not come from the world's sympathy; it can be looked for only from God and his angel time. Nay, their are greis that time itself has no power to allay or soothe, griefs that like running streams are deepening their channels forever.

Wm. Courtland Prentice was no common young man. He was remarkable in his powers and in his temperament. A model of manly beauty, he had extraordinary intellectual energy, a strong thirst for strange and curious knowledge and a deep passion for all that is sublime and beautiful in poetry and nature. He was generous, manly, high-hearted and of a courage that no mortal peril, come in what form it might, could daunt. He excelled in looking destruction face to face in all its ways. He loved wild and dangerous adventures for the very dangers sake. His eagle spirit lived among the mountain crags and shouted back to the shouts of the storm. Although kind unselfish, and humane, he was impetuous, passionate, and of an unconquerable prejudices. He was not unfrequently unjust in his judgments, and he permitted nothing to stand between him and the execution of his purposes.

This young man, if he had always directed his energies judiciously, could have made himself a distinguished ornament in any profession of life.

He might have been an able and honored statesman in the service of the republic. But an intense Southern sympathy, in spite of the arguments, the remonstrances, and the entreaties of those who dearly loved him, made him an active rebel against his country, and, after a brief five weeks service in the rebel ranks, he fell, soon to breathe out his fiery life, receiving meanwhile, far away from his family, the kindly ministrations of those against whose cause his strong right arm had been raised. O, if he had fallen in his country's service, fallen with his burning eyes fixed in love and devotion upon the flag that for more than three-fourths of a century has been a star of worship to his ancestors, his early death, though still terrible, might have been borne by a father's heart; but alas! the reflection that he fell in open rebellion against that glorious old banner now the emblem of the greatest and holiest cause the world knew, is full of desolation and almost of despair.

And yet we shall love to think of Courtland Prentice, that brave and noble though misguided youth, during the *hills remain of our trees*. Our love for him, undimmed by tears and grief, is and will remain an amaranthine flower upon the grave of our buried years.

### Negro Labor.

At New Orleans, under the stern, steady and just administration of General Butler, where the rebellion was as rampant as any where else, and where it is now crushed out, and the people are turning—some willingly and some unwillingly—to their allegiance to the Government, we see the operation of that process which we trust will become universal throughout the present dominion of Jeff. Davis, when they shall be brought to the same condition as New Orleans is now in.

But the most interesting feature in the social transmutation going on in that interesting community, is the change it has wrought in the relation between master and slave. Recently a delegation of slaves applied to General Shepley, military Governor of Louisiana, for advice. "These men" (says the correspondent of

the N. Y. Times) informed the General that they came for freedom; they said their fellow-servants in other places were all leaving their masters, and that they wished also to improve their condition, but that it was not clear to their minds how was the best way to do so. They emphatically said, however, that they did not intend to labor much, if they could help it, without remuneration, and they concluded their requests and protest by asking that, if they remained peacefully at home, they might have fair wages secured to them for their services. General Shepley treated the matter with great consideration, and after conferring with Gen. Butler, permission was granted to those men to make terms with their master, who consented to have a partner in the transaction, and these men have gone to work, not as slaves, but as hired men."

There, now, is the simple solution of this terrible question of "what is to be done with the blacks?" This loco loco buggaboo has vanished into thin air; the irruption of Southern barbarism, with black skins and woolly pates, upon the terrified Democracy of the North is not likely to happen at all. Neither is there the smallest prospect that any throats will be cut, or any other very naughty things be perpetrated. The great change wrought in the social relations of these parties was a very quiet, amicable and creditable transaction; and the same process can be carried on from plantation to plantation until not a slave will be left, and yet not a negro removed.

It may be that the delicate sensibilities of our negro-phobist will be shocked, and their self-complacency outraged at the transition of those "risky people from the condition of slaves to that of "hired men;" and many of the flunkies of the Southern lords will rail at the monstrous hardship imposed upon the latter by compelling them to pay wages to their laborers. It is true the scripture says, "the laborer is worthy of his hire;" but that only applies, in their creed, to white men, and that to claim that the same right attaches to a black man is fanaticism, and an attempt to violate somebody's "constitutional rights."

The transition from Slavery to Freedom is a very simple and very safe procedure. It was found to be so in the British West Indies, where not a throat was cut; and instead of rushing into a carnival of savage joy, mingled with cruel outrages upon their former oppressors, the simple-hearted negroes collected in their churches and gave thanks to Him who came to "give deliverance to the captives, and to open the prisons to them that are bound." And more recently, in the District of Columbia, we witness the very same things.—[Pitt. Gazette.]

### Pay your little Debts.

While there is plenty of money about, there is nevertheless a great reluctance on the part of many honest people to part with what they have, even to pay their just debts. But in unsettled times like the present, every man ought to keep his affairs snug; his business well arranged; his matters all in ship-shape, so that he may be ready for whatever is to come.

If you have a small account at the store, pay it at once. It grows every week and you had better pay as you go. If you owe the doctor or the butcher, pay him immediately. Yes, we would even go so far as to advise that you pay for your newspaper if you are in debt for that. Your mind will be more at ease, you will get more good of it, and your printer will be able to meet his engagements. And then your minister; do you owe him anything but love? See to it he gets his fee enough at any time, and it is both a sin and shame to be backward in paying him his due.

The 1st inst., was the day appointed by General Butler for the men and women of New Orleans to take the oath of allegiance in order to save their property. It is said that the ladies did a good deal of swearing in public and at least an equal amount of cursing in private.

It is said that Buckner in the battle of Chaplin Hills, hearing the bullets whistle all around him, sought safety by lying down flat upon his belly. It was not the first time by a good many of his getting out of a tight place by lying.

The Knoxville Register said when Gen. Bragg came into our State, "the sun of Federal power in Kentucky is set." But Bragg appears to have good-naturedly consented to postpone sundown for a time.

Below we give several extracts from Parson Brownlow's great speech, delivered at Chicago, on Saturday the 25th ult.:

### SECESSION CONSPIRACY.

Yes, gentlemen, we have intended it for thirty years. Our Southern leaders determined to stop at nothing short of the overthrow of this government. I have known it and have been fighting it all the time. What did that fellow Wigfall, and what did Pryor admit in Washington just before they inaugurated this rebellion? They both avowed it as no secret, published it far and near, announced it to all the world, and gloried in it, that if the entire north, if the whole population of the loyal States should put their signatures to a blank piece of paper, allowing the South to fill it up over their names, and dictate the terms on which they would stay in the Union, they would not accept it, because they wanted to go out, have an independent government, and break up the rotten and corrupt old Government. So said Pryor, the man who demolished your man Potter out here. [Applause and laughter.] You remember he challenged Potter to fight a duel, supposing that Potter, was of course, a cold blooded Yankee, who would crawl-fish out of it. But to his utter astonishment Potter said: "With all my heart I accept your challenge, but being the challenged party I have the right to dictate the weapons, and we must take bowie-knives in a close room." "But," said Pryor, "that is contrary to the laws of duelling, [laughter], and it is contrary to the code of honor. I can't fight that way." He didn't fight. [Laughter.]

Almost the last thing that happened to me before they crushed out my paper was a challenge to fight a duel from a Secessionist editor in the South, Lewis H. Pope, a specimen of humanity who weighed 95 pounds, a worse looking than Aleck Stephens. He supposed that being a preacher and editor I wouldn't fight, but he waked up the wrong passenger. [Applause.] I accepted his challenge, and wrote in the letter that being the challenged party, I had the right to dictate the weapons, time and place. It was then summer time and hot weather. I said: "I select that we fight immediately after the first hard rain that comes, in a hog pen. The weapons shall be two, large, four-pronged, iron durg-forks, [continued laughter], and whoever shall shove the other out, should be regarded as having killed him, in mortal combat." [Vociferous laughter.] He replied that the terms were cruel, inhuman and contrary to the laws of duelling, and he backed out; and well he might, for he knows that I could have shoved him out in less than no time. [Laughter.]

### BROWNLOW'S PRIVATE ADVICE TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

When we come out of this war, which we shall do after a while, we will come forth with 700,000 or 800,000 of the best drilled, hardened, seasoned, best fed, and noblest hearted fellows that ever constituted an army on earth. Having our hands in, and having a little experience in the way of fighting, if the Queen of England and her advisers are not satisfied with the way we do business we will give them a turn. [Laughter.] I am in favor of thrashing her anyhow. England has been acting the dog from the word go. Hypocrisy, deception, falsehood, smuggling—that has been her neutrality. I am in favor of declaring war against her as soon as this thing is wound up, giving her the devil and rubbing it in. [Laughter.] I sent the Queen of England a message the other day—private and confidential—by a merchant going abroad to London. I told him to go to Windsor Castle, give her my respects, and tell her that I had known individuals in America, and whole neighborhoods, to make a comfortable living by just minding their own business. [Much merriment.] I told him to give the Queen the anecdote of the Dutchman at the battle of New Orleans, as it exactly covered the case.

There had a "Dutchman" at the battle of New Orleans—an honest man, not a professor of religion, not a Christian by profession, but he had learned from his parents that General Washington was a man of faith and prayer, and never went into battle without making it the subject of prayer; and he would do like Washington. So the boys hearing some one praying away terribly in the chapparel one day, just before the battle, they followed him into the bushes, and there they found the Dutchman with his marrow-bones—on his hunkers, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, and he was praying. Mind the application is to the Queen. He was praying: "Oh, Lord Gott, come down dis one time and help us to fight on de side of America; but so be, Oh Lord, if you can't come on our side, Oh Lord, don't help the British; but Oh Lord, you stand off and say nothing, and you see one of the damndest fights you ever heard of." [Roars of laughter.]

I told him to ask the Queen of England for one to stand off and say nothing, but occupy a neutral position, quit smuggling ships and guns, and ammunition and all that sort of thing through to the rebels, quit lying and falsely pretending to be neutral—but stand off and

we would show her as the Dutchman said, "one of the damndest fights she ever heard of." [Laughter.]

### CHANGES IN THE ARMY WANTED.

We want some changes in the army. Gentlemen, they are too slow. There are a very few men in the army who come up to my standard. I can name four or five. I name you Picayune Butler of New Orleans, for one. [Applause.] Gen. Mitchell of Ohio, will do for me. [Cheers.] Rosecrans is one of my sort of men. [Prolonged cheering.] John C. Fremont is my sort of a man. [Applause.] I don't care anything about their Black Republicanism or Democracy, let's go ahead and make a spoon or "spile" a haru. [Laughter.] I don't care what their politics are.

A Voice—"Sigel."  
Mr. Brownlow—I ought to have named Sigel for he is the best man in the crowd. [Cheers.] But you need not think strange that Sigel is all right; wherever I have been—all over this country as well as at the South, the Dutch and other Germans are all Union men. [Cheers.] I lay in the Knoxville jail with some of the best and noblest hearted Germans who ever breathed—Union men put there for their principles. I left them there in July. Some escaped some died; some followed me into Ohio, and are at Cincinnati now. The Dutch are all right. [Applause.]

### HE REPEALS A TIMES' LIBEL.

But before closing, I will mention a little matter rather of a personal character.

[Here the speaker drew forth a copy of the Chicago Times.] I don't know the names of your papers here. This reads the "Chicago Times." [Derisive laughter.] And it is dated "Chicago, Wednesday, October 22d, 1862." Here is an editorial I desire to read for your edification:

"Parson Brownlow is coming to Illinois in the pay of Abolitionists to make stump speeches in favor of the Abolitionists. When he comes North a few months ago, his remedy for rebellion was to hang all the leaders of secession and abolition on the same tree. The difficulty with the Parson, now, is the same as that with an ancient parson named Jesus Iscariot who was effiliated. He loves money. It is silver that brings him to Illinois. After he shall have received it he should make the same disposition of himself as did that other person. He is now in Michigan in the pay of blood-letting Chandler. To what base uses do we come at last." [Hisses.]

This is the editorial gentleman. I will not do by that thing as the boy did in Tennessee, who was hauling gravel up a hill, when some mischievous boy got behind, and pulled up the hind gate and let the gravel all slip out. He came back and cursed for about half an hour, and then said, "The whole d—d concern may go, I am not able to do it justice." I can do this justice to-night, I am the only man on this platform that can do it.

I am not here in the pay of any Abolitionists, nor was I invited here by Abolitionists. Now, that whole editorial from beginning to end is a very ungenerous, unmanly and ungracious attack upon me, who has not meddled with the man who wrote it, or with any of your citizens, or annoying or tormenting or slandering them any way. It's a very ungracious act. I do not know whether the man who wrote it is here or not, nor do I care, but you may see him if I don't. Give him my compliments, and tell him from me, that he is both a liar and a scoundrel. [Immense applause.]

He boards at the Sherman House, so do I. Tell him that I am personally accountable to him at any time for any insult I offer to him or anybody else here or elsewhere. [Renewed applause.] He is a petty, lying, lousy, drunken devil to talk about me. [Cheers and laughter.] To talk about my change in politics! He has been Leocompton and anti-Leocompton, Abolition and anti-Abolition. He has been everything by turns, and nothing long. His own party at Detroit saved a written notice on him that he must leave there in twenty-four hours. Give the lying, slandering scoundrel my compliments, and tell him I have lived in peace and harmony for twenty-five years with my wife, and he can't say that and tell the truth. [Cheers and laughter.] Tell him I have lived at been satisfied with one woman. He can't say that and tell the truth. [Sensation and laughter.] Tell him that he is a scoundrel, backguard and a liar, and I will stay here until Monday morning to stone for this if he wants to.

"The Times is edited by E. W. McCormac, who was at one time Lieutenant Governor of this State; he is well known to the people of this country."

The South now produces no sugar, no molasses and no honey, and, as even the ladies are no longer sweet, saccharine matter seems to have disappeared from that section completely.

Why did Gen. Grant call Rosecrans off from his victorious pursuit of Price and Van Dorn? Why not let him pursue them till they were driven from off the face of the earth?